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Original Poetry.

THE WARRIOR'S LAST SLEEP.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

Rest, beneath thy war flag furled,
Thou whose glaring, blood-red star,
Flung around a trembling world,
Meteor gleamings from afar!
Rest—thy stormy strife is over!
Glory's dreams thy falchion cover;
Minstrel harps, thy praise revealing,
Wildly thrill with joyous pealing,
Till thy name and deeds have given
Light to gem a conqueror's heaven!

Rest—no broken dreams are thine,
Trumpet tones may never waken!
Thou thy weary head recline;
Till the spheres, with ruin shaken,
Hurled from their bright paths on high,
Reckless through the ether fly;
Or, when fled each guiding ray,
Melt, like passion-dreams away.

Vainly now the gloomy spear,
Calls thy spirit from afar;
Vain opposing hosts are near,
Thou their progress may not mar.
Silence o'er thy spirit fall,
Clarion tones may never break;
Till the spirit-warnings swell—
Till the dead of ages wake.

Though in victory's light uncolled,
Flaunts each banner's waving fold—
Though the rays thy sabre won,
Rest around it and upon—
Though the waving of thy plume,
Brightly lit the battle's gloom—
Though the prowess of thy spear,
Greet in festive halls the ear—
Though the chords of minstrels swell,
While thy deeds of fame they tell;
Yet I sigh above thy dower;
Child of triumph! son of power!
O'er each ray that gilds thy spear,
Numbers shed the burning tear—
O'er each glory-gleam that flies
'Round you, waken countless sighs,
Bursting, some lone heart's distress,
Saddened, widowed, fatherless;
And thy banner's glowing hue,
Wakes this sad reflection too—
Life-blood of the young and brave,
Flowed to bid it proudly wave.

Kingstree, S. C., 1845.

Original Tales.

AUNT NELLY, AND HER Troublesome Boarder.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE LEYDON BARD.

"If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs. He brushes his hat o' mornings—what should that bode?"—*Much Ado About Nothing.*

"Pigeons," said the Doctor, gravely.

"Where?" demanded Aunt Nelly.

"In the cellar," answered the Doctor, with a look of fixed melancholy.

"Pigeons in the cellar?" exclaimed the interrogator with astonishment.

"Mud—cellars—pigeons—flowers?" musingly persevered the Doctor, apparently not heeding her interruptions, "Improvements—music—sparkling eyes—big dog."

"Gracious alive! what are you after splutterin' out of you?" and she here broke in upon his revery with a loud burst of shrill laughter.

"Did I say anything?" soberly asked the Doctor with a sudden start.

"Say anything! Haven't you been talkin' about feathers, and flowers, and cellars, and all sorts of nonsense all morning. La me, you must be goin' crazy, or your head's dreadfully affected. Say anything!—did a body ever hear the like of you before, Doctor? Pigeons, mud-fence—blue eyes, and big dogs!"—but she was compelled to finish the sentence with another most provoking strain of laughter which made the room ring for several minutes.

"Strange," muttered the Doctor to himself in a deep, gruff tone, with a shrug of the shoulders; and again both were silent.

To Aunt Nelly this mysterious monologue was more than Hebrew. She had interrogated her guest over and over again throughout the morning, but with vain success. Besides being firmly resolved to unravel the mystery, her curiosity was at the highest pitch, and rife for the denouement. It must indeed have been a desperate case thus to defy every effort on her part to bring about its solution; for, permit us to assure thee, dear reader, that whatever she willed in good earnest, was likely soon to be effected. Since her removal from the country to the city (during which period five long enterprising years had passed away) she had found no friend so generous and kind as the Doctor. Above the large number of guests who had long been inmates of her mansion, he alone appeared to her fancy at least, to be an unexceptionable gentleman. He was permitted to preside at the table, and move among the other lodgers with an air of authority. He was good humored and accomplished, most agreeable in conversation, and withal not bad looking. His practice large and respectable, his standing in the community extremely envious and promising. In short he fully realized Aunt Nelly's ideal of manly beauty; and he was furthermore graced with all the attributes of learning and fashion which the world demands in its estimate of perfection—save he was nearly two score years of age, and yet—a single man! The truth will out and we dared not conceal it; however much our candor might conflict with Aunt Nelly's notions of propriety!

Besides being good natured, accomplished, and possessing a large fund of scientific attainments, he seemed to be especially attentive in monopolizing the good graces of Aunt Nelly in various methods. He never suffered an opportunity to pass without loading her with extravagant compliments. He praised her good dinners, her neat taste in house-hold arrangement, and her judgment in all things blessed with her supervision. But what perhaps most raised his merits in her estimation, was the following *morceau* which his ready tact had in a leisure moment perpetrated to the immortality of her little pet-dog Nora, which never left her side, and of whose faithful companionship she was extremely fond—

"LINES TO NORA, SLEEPING.

Our little Nora softly sleeps
Upon the parlor floor;
You'd laugh to see him napping there
Until your sides are sore!

He looks so gentle sleeping there,
So innocent and mild;
One feels as though he looked upon
A happy slumbering child!

He's full of life, and noise, and fun,
The gayest of the gay;
From morning till the setting sun,
He romps the hours away.

He scarcely is a full span high,
And white as driven snow;
With two small eyes that shine as bright
As any stars that glow.

A chubby, playful pup is he,
Though only one year old;
I know you would not purchase him
For twice his weight in gold!"

This was sufficient to chain Aunt Nelly's opinion; and in addition to committing these lines to memory, they were never off her tongue, save when she desired to flatter the author with compliments more domestic, yet not less welcome to his humorous fancy.

We hope that the reader will pardon his already noticed eccentricities, as we can implicitly vouch for their being in strict harmony with his former history and his strange wayward nature. In his earlier years he had been a follower of fashion, and a true cosmopolitan in the full sense of the term. Report said, (and Aunt Nelly never doubted it,) that he was wont to make wonderful havoc of hearts and affections in the gay *beau monde*. He was never known to shrink from the challenges of beauty, though by some unaccountable means he always succeeded in foiling the shafts of Cupid. Though perhaps not altogether,

"The pride of fashion and the mould of form."

Yet he bore the character of the *elegante*, and was decidedly "*the* lion" whenever chance threw across his pathway a being of flowing flounces and clustering curls. More than one "affair of honor" dotted his brilliant career in which his triumphs were still more decisive. Thus the ladies loved his accomplishments, men respected him because of his chivalrous characteristics, and mammas admired likewise, because the world thought him a gentleman.

Once, however, was the Doctor caught in the critical snare, and all the vast vocabulary of human means failed to release its wearisome fangs. A proud, dark-eyed belle at the "Springs" had incidentally melted the icy crevices of his heart with her ravishing beauty, and scattered his stoicism to the winds. From a gay, dashing, imperious lord of creation, he became humble as a slave. He following her footsteps tenaciously, worshipped her graceful form and brilliant glances with an unwavering devotion, dreamed constantly of her dazzling loveliness, and appeared to live only in her encouraging smiles. Midnight serenades were his living element, and no undertaking was too arduous or hazardous when the reward was simply one of her sweetest smiles. In short he became altogether one of the most attentive devotees that flattered beauty could devise, or spoiled female pride seek to captivate. Most unhappily for him his devotion became too obvious, and the angel to whom his respects were paid most savagely delighted to prolong his misery. Her wishes were ever anticipated, but her flattered ambition was not to be quieted. With a smile she threw him into ecstacy and caused him to feel proud of his success, but a quick following frown soon dissipated the brief flash of happiness and awed him back into silence, filled with the most appalling melancholy. The morning sun dawned upon him with increased brilliancy, inasmuch as the fairest gems of the brightest beauty were certain to sparkle in his romantic vision; yet the sombre evening shadows were doubly dismal whilst the caprices of the haughty coquette had seared with her bitter sarcasm the devotion of his gloomy heart. Thus from pain to pleasure, from agony to ecstacy his life critically militated for the space of *nine* long months, and the diligent cicisbeo was still as vast a distance from the longed-for consummation as when his first advances were perpetrated.

But a change came over the spirit of his dreams. The season closed, the gay throng vanished to different parts of the world, and the proud beauty retired to her home in a neighboring city. The Doctor was not slow to anticipate her in the journey, and so expeditious had been his transposition, that he was among the first to appear and welcome her back. Alas, a fatal denouement was in store which he little dreamed of!

To his delighted satisfaction he had, in his own judgment, well nigh succeeded in obtaining her envious hand, when in an unhappy moment, an absent lover returned, and triumphantly carried off the prize.

This sudden shock reeled his highest fortitude. He felt as though deprived of something more than life, and presented a sad spectacle whilst with folded arms and pallid features he stood silently musing over this lamentable misfortune. But no remedy could heal the wound, and after a powerful struggle he felt convinced that it was all folly to call for "coffee and pistols." He told his grief to no living ear, but like a rational philosopher consigned all his sorrows to paper. The following stray leaf from his journal, under the hazard of a terrible retribution, we venture to transcribe for the reader's satisfaction.

BOSTON, May 1st, 1830.

* * * * * * * Alas! it's all over now! The die is cast, the vow is consecrated, my doom is sealed! Angelina is now another's bride, and I am left to be taunted by that villain's happiness. Did she not promise me faithfully in that look, so sweet, so full of meaning? Did she not assent——but it's all over now, and I'm the victim of her dastardly caprice. Came past the house, this evening. Heavens! what a glitter and buzz of lights and fashion! The bridal was a magnificent one, as tickets flew in every direction. I heard the glad music and saw the gay forms moving in the dance; but my heart grew sick at the sight. Ah! I was once the destined suitor for all those brilliant charms, but——confound these Springs, I say! They are a nuisance—a curse to the country. Men go there to spend money, and girls resort to them to act the fool. Let me see—one thousand for a necklace—three hundred for a superb bracelet—one hundred and fifty for the two trips down the bay—what a consummate goose was I to throw away these splendid gifts! Oh, if I had but the past nine months to live over again! I'd bet a steamboat that her pride should suffer far more than my purse has done in this mad caper.

* * * * * * *

She's too proud to live, and some day she will be brought to a most bitter repentance. Yes! it's all over. Other lips than mine have burnt upon that brow, but no matter. When I buy presents again, it will not be at the Springs, nor for a pretty face without a sincere heart to endorse its beauty!

This is my first love, too—a terrible blow to one so deeply versed in Cupid's antics. Who could ever have dreamed of such a result, as I gallanted her about last summer at Saratoga?

Well, she was the belle, and I was her chosen admirer—some consolation to balance all these disappointments! Have the blues most fearfully to-night. Saw C. M—— this morning. He made a very formal bow; but the cynical smile that flitted over his grave face told too well what was passing in his thoughts. I must be revenged before another year on this heartless flirt—time will show what will be done!

* * * * * * *

Shockingly warm all day, and during the evening. The clock is striking twelve. The sky looks cloudy—rain in a few hours. Conscience, how awfully hot it is to-night!

This veritable record of the Doctor's grief plainly demonstrated how deeply he took the disappointment to heart. It inflicted a vital blow on his buoyant, dashing disposition, and long haunted his mind with a dark brooding melancholy which seemed to freeze all with whom he came in contact. The "Sorrows of Werter" was his text-book for several years; he read and studied its pages incessantly; and the consoling conclusions which he deduced from its fervent logic were as wonderful as they were enthusiastic.

It will be recollected, however, that—

"This, all this, was in the olden
Time long ago."

Ten years had passed away since the occurrence of this sad catastrophe, and he moved about in society quite another individual. He had fairly recovered from the effects of this paralysis. A grave dignity sat upon his features, and cramped his address. He was reserved and formal to the farthest degree, and his studied bow was the finished grace of the finest connoisseur. He seemed a little shy and distrustful of the flashing beauties who prided in his company. Woman, however, monopolized his cogitations. Ten long years had been spent in denouncing and annalising her capricious nature, and now, as he was just about to wind up with the severest conclusions against her, a new leaf was turned in his life, which put to flight these absurdities almost in an instant.

This unexpected overture in his experience had been the cause of his eccentric soliloquy with which this sketch commences. A noted heiress of sparkling beauty and accomplishments had captivated his mysogamistical heart. Deeper than ever did he find himself tangled in Cupid's meshes. So helplessly was he involved, that all hopes of extrication were given up, whilst he found himself with a strange, passive servility, acting out the true words of that truest of philosophers—

"To be wise and love exceeds man's might."

A few weeks proved conclusively to what depth his passion had penetrated, and although he felt not a whit alarmed at its progress, yet he was miserably fretful of the result. One sad blemish had shaken his opinion of woman's integrity, and now with still deeper hopes his success was not more promising. It is strictly true, as that most humorous of all conjurors, Lever, hath it, that at twenty a man merely *falls* in love; whilst at thirty-five he is so reckless of the delicate stream of affections, if it chance to receive a freshet at this period, that he *tumbles* in head foremost. This was the Doctor's fate to the letter. His first fever he had coolly routed by calm philosophy; now he no more dreamed of dying a bachelor than the blushing maiden of "sweet seventeen" believes herself destined to a life of single blessedness.

In addition to his having spent the preceding evening delightfully at a brilliant fancy ball with his fair idol, and escorted her home in her own carriage, he had returned to his rooms, disguised himself, and returned to disturb her slumbers with a midnight serenade. Her window was in the rear of the mansion, immediately above a large court-yard, whose only access was through a dark narrow passage, interrupted by a high barred-gate. Over it he clambered however, and stationed himself at the precious post. After a few most touching melodies, in which his deep, full voice made a fine accompaniment to the notes of a clear tinkling guitar, the window cautiously opened, and a white little hand flung down a large bunch of flowers, and suddenly closed again.

The Doctor breathlessly watched its descent, and was extremely mortified to see it lodge upon the board cornice of a dove-cot, some twenty feet from the pavement whereon he stood. It could not be left—he must show his *knightly* prowess, and place the trophy in his bosom. This was no easy task, as the place was much encumbered by trees and vines, and presented every resistance to such an attempt. But he fearlessly proceeded, and by laborious exertion succeeded in reaching the desired prize. The noise of the intruder aroused the inmates of the cot, and they came fluttering around him in strange clattering confusion. He became a little alarmed at the disturbance he had created, and hastened to withdraw. Just as he grasped the boquet, the board upon which he stood gave way, and in an instant the Doctor was precipitated through the vines and limbs upon the pavement. Here a fresh object of alarm bereft him of all presence of mind, and he thought of nothing but making his escape. A large mastiff bounded across the yard with the fiercest and most terrible growls, which completely shattered the Doctor's nerves and courage. He sprang to the gate, but in the hurry of the moment he could but curse its bolts, and never once bethought himself of scaling its pointed palisade.

His condition was critical. Without either hat or guitar he flew to the opposite side of the enclosure, whither the mastiff closely followed at his heels, and with a bold effort cleared the paling at a single leap. He alighted upon terra-firma, in as much as it brought him lustily upon his knees; but without turning to know the consequences of his sudden exit, he was soon on his feet, and wending his way with hasty footsteps to the opposite street.

The darkness of the night prevented him from clearly discerning his path, or even knowing whither he went. Unfortunately the course of his retreat was a fatal one, and but a few steps further on he walked blindly over an abrupt embankment several feet high, the consequences of which were that he found himself in a recently excavated cellar, whose miry bottom well drenched with late rains afforded a most deplorable footing.

"Why this beats every thing," said the Doctor, convulsively, rising from the mire, and wading forward to discover its limits, "this is likely to be a sorry affair. Oh dear me, I'm alomost out of breath!"

It is unnecessary to relate in what manner he extricated himself from this detestable "slough," though in all probability had not the kindness of a police officer come to his assistance, the early-rising citizens would have found him still struggling in this outlandish predicament. He reached his boarding house, shockingly bespattered, *cap-a-pie*, in good time to avoid discovery. Drowsy and exhausted, he threw himself carelessly upon the hall sofa, from whence he was aroused quite early by the passionate exclamations of his wondering hostess, who stood regarding his uncouth appearance with unmingled astonishment.

We hope by this time that the extravagancies of the Doctor are better understood, and not a few extenuations ready in thy mind to be placed to his credit, dear reader. Little is he to be wondered at indeed, when in addition to losing a full night's comfortable rest, he was sadly tortured by that most ravaging of all fevers, love. By no means strange, that whilst in this dreamy mesmeric state, he should openly soliloquise upon flowers and pigeons, and dogs and music. The adventures of the previous night had taken a powerful hold upon his sensibilities, and it is positively certain that he conducted himself with every propriety belonging to one in his peculiar circumstances.

Aunt Nelly wondered, and wondered again—her eager curiosity in fact, became a sort of monomania—yet she was compelled to leave the mystery unsolved for the present, to her sad mortification and regret. Of all things it is most cruel to dally with female curiosity—to lengthen out the agony it causes them to feel. Aunt Nelly thought so at least, and she secretly resolved to be fully revenged upon these strange pranks.

A considerable time had elapsed subsequent to the already recorded conversation of this memorable morning, in which both the hostess and her guest were silent. She plied her needle busily, whilst he sat quietly musing over the events of the past night. The bell rang loudly, and a waiter was announced.

"Is the Doctor in?" inquired a low female voice, that seemed not unfamiliar, and he quickly offered his services.

"Mistress wants you to call right away; she has a dreadful tooth-ache," said the voice, and curtseying mechanically, the visitor withdrew.

A fair patient had requested his services, and he hastily sprang to his feet to obey the summons.

"Gracious alive! Doctor, what are you coming to?" shrieked Aunt Nelly, rising from her seat, with clasped hands at this moment, "My elegant vases, the glass orioles, all the china goblets, and the large mirror in atoms! My dear sir, this will never do!"

"Strange!—but I was *in* haste," interrupted the Doctor, as he surveyed the havoc at his feet. He had been seated near a table at the end of a room, on which were tastefully arranged a large number of fancy articles beside those already enumerated, whilst the frame of a vast mirror suspended immediately over them, rested partially upon the cloth. Whilst dangling the loose folds of its large figured cover, he had mechanically inserted and knotted one of the corners in a button-hole of his coat; so that rising suddenly he drew it after him, and brought the entire stock of Aunt Nelly's rarest fancy specimens in a thousand pieces upon the floor! But his call was imperious and admitted of no delay; moreover he little relished remaining to make apologies, and hear her vindictive reprimands. Seizing his hat suddenly, and what in the exigency of the moment he conceived to be his small case of instruments, he hastily departed, leaving his hostess to scold at her leisure, and gather together the precious fragments.

It required comparatively but a short time for him to reach the end of his walk, which was a considerable distance. The servant quickly introduced him into a magnificent apartment, furnished in superb style, wherein his fair patient sat in a large armed chair, reclining her tortured cheek upon her delicate white hand, whilst several female friends attempted to administer consolation.

It was a fine feast for the polite and gallant Doctor. He burst forth with a flood of extravagant compliments upon the fair throng, and appeared all ecstacy at the sight of the beautiful invalid. He talked of nothing but sylphs, and angels, and fairy-lands, and in proof of his enthusiastic assertions quoted poetry with the facility of a rhapsodist. It was a most exquisite task, he protested, and should be remembered as the happiest moment of his life. He loved to alleviate the miseries of the human race with the promptest measures of his professional skill; he considered it the highest felicity to rescue a charming woman from the grasp of the "fell destroyer;" but most particularly in the present instance did he bless his stars that they had consigned to his care the fairest of fair patients.

"But my dear sir, my tooth; you forget that it is driving me almost to distraction," interrupted his idol with a faint voice.

"Humbly beg pardon, miss," replied the Doctor, bowing most profoundly; "it rejoices me beyond all bounds to hear you say my serenade of last evening was so acceptable."

"The very cause of it, Doctor," echoed one of the females.

"How!"

"The night air, to be sure, has caused her tooth-ache. Had you not tempted her to the window at so late an hour, she would not have been under the necessity of sending for you this morning."

"Well! I must confess such *may* be the case," replied the Doctor, gravely, after a slight pause and a rather unnatural "ahem!" which indicated his sensitiveness at this ill-timed reflection upon his gallantry. "But then, according to that most rational of medical precepts, '*simile similitudinis expulsit*,' we should have—"

"Pray, Doctor, never mind your Latin now, but attend to your patient; her suffering is intolerable," interrupted the female, who seemed extremely solicitous about the health of her friend.

This positive command he turned to obey, with the promptest professional grace imaginable. He drew from his coat pocket a strange looking case, and placed it upon the stand, for the purpose of taking out some instruments necessary in the operation. A glance at the odd bundle told him his mistake—it was a large figured reticule! In the confusion it occasioned him, he half unconsciously opened it, when lo! out came nothing more or less than Aunt Nelly's ——— but no, dear reader, it's a secret, and we dare not mention it. Enough is it to know that its appearance woefully astounded the Doctor, who dropped it instantly, and gazed around him with the wildest astonishment:—that it drew from the females repeated bursts of the merriest and most natural laughter; in which the "fair patient" joined so fervently that her tooth-ache was altogether forgotten:—and furthermore, that Aunt Nelly, who, that self-same morning wished to dress herself for an important visit, missed a most indispensable article from her wardrobe, for which she, of course, stoutly reprimanded every soul in the house, not even excepting her troublesome boarder, the Doctor.

The Fourth of July was fast approaching. A magnificent pic-nic was in contemplation. The "fair patient" took an alarming relapse, and could not be in attendance. The Doctor was sadly perplexed in solving the last alternative of the quandary; and finally resolved to celebrate the day in his own peculiar manner, rather than move in the gay throng whilst the idol of his heart was absent.

To this intent he collected all the necessaries in his room upon the anniversary morning, and after securing the door, he proceeded to an order of exercises worthy of the most erudite solitary.

First he drank the health of the "Sires of '76" with three consecutive, flowing bumpers of claret. Then followed the reading of the "Declaration," which was wound up with three more glasses fully as exhilarating as the first. Then came a patriotic address, which might, *perhaps*, have done honor to Cicero, though it was lost to posterity for want of reporters. The final sentence was cut short by his eye glancing upon a half-filled glass, and again he wound up with the usual complement of toasts. To this succeeded the following song, which we are sorry that we are unable to present to the reader unaccompanied by his sonorous and full voice. In fact, the entire effect is lost by this mishap, as the rare charm was peculiarly his own.

"THE PATRIOT'S DAY."

Let the soft bugle sound as the bright morning sun
At the dawn o'er the sea, its reflections is laving;
Let our flag be unfurled at the first signal gun,
And our fair stripes and stars on the broad breeze be waving.
For lo! 'tis the morn
That freedom was born,
And tyranny *died* of its mightiness shorn;
And far through our land will be seen the display
Which hallows and garlands the patriot's day.

'Tis the day that of old, at the tocsin's loud call,
Our brave gallant fathers in counsel assembled;
There they burst the proud fetters of slavery's thrall,
Whilst kingdoms and thrones in their mightiness trembled.
From that noble band
It swept through the land,
Well guarded and guided by Heaven's high hand;
And fondly we cherish with hearts glad and gay
The deed which gave birth to the patriot's day.

Let the bugle then sound o'er the mountains and hills,
Its echoes each bosom shall fill to o'erflowing;
Whilst every sweet note as it through the soul thrills,
Shall find a response in each freeman's heart glowing.
Come bow by the shrine,
With devotion divine,
Send up a fair halo that brightly may shine
Through all coming ages, with still spreading ray,
And burst with fresh splendor each patriot's day!

This being concluded with a most earnest chorus, after another regular chorus of bumpers, he once more ascended the table to harangue the vast concourse of "fellow citizens" which his lively fancy conjured around him. His eloquence was somewhat dragging, owing doubtless to the heaviness of his tongue, though his gesticulation was fierce and emphatic, and his enunciation tolerably musical. He had proceeded but a few sentences, when, owing either to the *gravity* of his lofty flights, or to too free a scope of his feet upon the table, it suddenly capsized, and precipitated him most unceremoniously in a corner of the room. In his fall he took several chairs, a wash-stand, a large vase of flowers, and a small cabinet of minerals; whilst with a sudden evolution of the foot, he overturned a considerable case of books upon the floor. The whole occupied but a moment, and was effected with an alarming and serious crash.

"Gracious alive! what's all this noise about?" said Aunt Nelly's shrill voice at the door, whilst she hurriedly attempted to enter.

"Umph! Independence?" groaned the Doctor, still revelling in his dreams of patriotism.

"Open this door immediately, whoever you are!" peremptorily demanded his hostess, who did not recognize his voice, but fancied that strangers were within.

"Fellow citizens! it's the—the glorious era of '76!" vociferated the Doctor, partially aroused by her shrill tones. "Who would not honor this day with immortal honors! Fellow citizens! Romans! countrymen! lend me your ears! Freedom has cast off her fetters, and Liberty is founded 'mid the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds! Glorious! glorious! glorious anniversary! Independ—e—n—ce!"

He had miscalculated the security of his solitude. Aunt Nelly believed herself sole mistress of her own mansion, and upon this principle had provided herself with an extra key for every room. Finding her entreaties useless, she resorted to this alternative, and was not a little astonished at the spectacle which presented itself.

The Doctor was seated in a corner, with his feet comfortably resting on an overturned chair, his face much bruised by the fall, whilst he mechanically flourished a broken tumbler in his right hand. A variety of fragments were strewn over the floor, and all the moveable appurtenances of the room were scattered around in the most disorderly confusion.

"Did a body ever see the like of this before?" exclaimed Aunt Nelly, after taking a long, sober breath. "Why, Doctor, are you really going mad?"

"Liberty and Independence forever!" vociferated her guest, with an extravagant flourish of his hands. "The most glorious Fourth, made gloriously glorious! Behold fair woman comes to grace our brilliant festival!"

"Now, Doctor, did you ever!" said his hostess, with the prudest scorn and contempt. "I can hardly believe my senses, to see—"

"Last regular toast—Woman—the morning-star of our existence, the evening-star of our hope! Ah, woman! woman!—

'When stars are sweetly shining
Then most I pine for thee!'"

echoed the Doctor, whilst in an attempt to rise, he fell heavily over the floor at the feet of Aunt Nelly.

Seeing her efforts vain to restore order, she departed to call assistance. Several of the family came to her aid; though it proved a laborious task ere that all things were again properly adjusted.

Shortly after this strange *ruse*, the Doctor left the city, and was not heard of for several weeks. Gossip was busy with his marriage to the heiress, who it was believed accompanied him; but his hostess could never believe it.

About six weeks subsequent to his departure, Aunt Nelly was seated in her parlor, perusing a morning paper. The following paragraph caused a strange flitting of shades and shadows upon her features:—

"Married, on Wednesday last, by the Rev. A. D. Hone, at Saratoga, Dr. F. D. L———, to Miss Angelina Rose, eldest daughter of Hon. J. P. W———, &c. &c."

"Is it really possible?" she asked herself, after reading it over several times with the greatest care. "Well! I'm glad he's gone at last," she continued, with a long, heavy sigh, "for he was the most troublesome boarder I ever had in my house. I do hope that they may both be happy."

Original Poem.

THE COLLEGE BELL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

The college bell! the college bell!
How still its trembling cadence flows;
How blithely rolls its solemn swell,
On each forth-gushing gale that flows!

Each deep, uprising, lingering tone,
With memory's lights how strangely fraught!
What traces bright of moments flown,
Are burning to my bosom fraught.

Upon that slow, slow rolling swell,
That wakes and floats and floating dies;
And pours its low, its faint farewell,
Along the distant shining skies.

As morn across the purpling heaven,
With penciled footstep trips along;
And each wild strain to music given,
Awakes to life and love and song;—

Ere yet the streakings of the day,
In mirth have kissed the rosy dawn;
Ere yet the bee hath flown away,
To greet the woodbine in the lawn;—

Ere yet the dew drop from the blade,
Has glittered in the passing ray;
Or yet the blue bird in the glade,
Has poised her on the dripping spray.

The bell's deep solemn chime will pour,
Its music on my waking ear;
That thrills into my bosom's core,
With tone as from a holier sphere.

And as its strains swell forth and die,
Upon the light, soft sighing gale;
They whisper—yes, they tell me I,
That *I* must seek the lonely vale.

They tell me how the loved have gone,
To slumber in their early bloom;—
Of youth and bud and blossom flown,—
The silence that enwraps the tomb.

Of sorrow's pale and cankering trace,
Deep written on some saddened brow;
A shadow on some kindred face,
For one that stood and bloomed but now.

And how the sylvan flower may peer,
In silence by my nameless grave;
And nodding, drop one gentle tear,
For him that fronts the "Nightly" wave.

They whisper of that awful hour,
Death's dreamless, dark oblivion o'er,
His bands unlocked, despoiled his power;
His pinions furled forevermore.

The loved shall wake to life and light,
Upon some distant smiling shore;
Untouched by time, undimmed by blight,
Each trace in earliest bloom they wore.

And as its echoes fainting float,
Up, up the deep bright, glowing sky;
I dream that as their swelling note,
My deathless *soul* shall upward fly;—

Through yon bright, flaming, starry realms,
To rove on light ethereal wing;
O'er aught that dims, or blights or whelms,
Eternal and triumphant thing.

The college bell! the college bell!
How still its dreamy cadence flows,
How blithely rolls its solemn swell,
On each forth-gushing gale that blows!

Delaware College, Newark.

AMATORY EFFUSIONS.—In a recent trial for breach of promise, it was proved that the defendant had written a number of letters to the plaintiff, which left no doubt that he had promised to marry her, although he had neglected to fulfil his engagement. In one of these letters the defendant stated that the plaintiff was

"His nightly thought,
His morning care,
His evening song,
His morning prayer."

He also stated his desire "to lodge where she lodged, to eat where she ate, and rest where she rested." In another letter he said,

"Your hand and heart I wish to claim;
Oh, make me happy with the same;
In pity yield to my request,
And in your smiles let me be blest."

CAUDLED TO DEATH.—A man named Huffmar drowned himself in the Ohio Canal on the 7th ult., in consequence of his wife's tongue giving him no peace at home.

Original Nouvellette.

CAROLINE MORGAN.

A Tale of '76.

CONCLUDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

CHAPTER XIV.

A PEEP AT WOODLAND.

It cannot enter into the imaginations of the present generation to conceive with what eager interest the details of the affair on Bunker's Hill were listened to in every town and hamlet and farm house and cottage and artizan's shop, throughout the thirteen (afterward united) colonies. No event has occurred during our lives, of half the terrible interest—none of a tithe of the importance. At this day we look back with cool historic astonishment at the achievement and its wonderful results and consequences. In that day, while the listeners dwelt with present amazement on what of blood, and fire, and daring, and terror, was burning in their ears, they also looked with painful anxiety what should be the end of such a beginning. The loss of the enemy—one thousand and fifty-four, of whom two hundred and twenty-six were killed, was an hour's work—for the battle continued no longer—marvellous indeed, and the comparatively small loss of the patriots, four hundred and fifty-three, killed, wounded, and prisoners, made the action seem a victory indeed. It had established a reputation for the continental soldiers which insured them the respect of the enemy; and the loss of the fortification, by the Americans, involved no real loss. It was merely a failure to obtain a position; and was nearly compensated by the immediate fortification of Prospect Hill, from which no attempt was made to dislodge such defenders.

But the four hundred and fifty-three killed and wounded carried home a sense of the reality of war throughout New England. Woodland had its share of the public calamity; some dozen of the brave fellows whose departure we have described, returning no more to their homes and firesides. They had, however, a witness to their valor, and a constant eulogist in Jacob Stiles, who returned back with one arm less than he bore away, the amputation of the other having formed one of the first practical lessons of a member of the new scarcely organized medical staff of the patriot army. It is, by the way, a testimony to the alacrity of the medical profession to serve their country, that so many candidates offered that the medical board of examination could afford to reject many as unqualified. And the same circumstance is no less a testimony to the deliberate and careful manner in which the "rebellion" was entered into. It was no hasty emeute, the enthusiasm of which could suddenly evaporate, as the issue, the glorious results which we now enjoy, are proof; and the mere fact that the patriots, driven from Breed's Hill, could forthwith occupy another, in spite of the lack of military stores, which they had just proved so dearly, might have emboldened less than a prophet to declare that such soldiers of freedom would in the end prevail.

Jacob Stiles did not alone have the honor in Woodland, of recounter of the battle of Bunker's Hill. His rival, however, ran in somewhat a different key, and if he had most of Jacob's auditors, he entertained them in different places. He was no other than our reverend friend, Parson Winter. The worthy clergyman, early after his departure, was waited on in camp, by an embassy from his church and congregation, the deacons representing the former, and a well approved citizen the latter, who laid before him a letter, prepared in church meeting, and adopted by the town and parish. The letter was adorned with rustic and rugged but affectionate eloquence, and so strongly marked with scripture spirit and phraseology, that it betrayed the familiarity of the writer with the parson's own prayers, no less than with the book of books. It set forth the needs of that portion of the vineyard to which, in his ordination vows, he had devoted his life. It painted the sick unvisited, and the mourners unconsoled, and it skilfully alluded to the great need which war might create, for visitors to the house of mourning. It urged him to leave to the young and hale, the service of the camp, and to return to the solace of those who had grown old with him in grace; and to the spiritual nourishment of the tender lambs who might go astray without a shepherd. All this moved, but did not quite persuade him, until one of the deacons suggested that his wife had reported, on her return from her last visit to the parsonage, that the minister's wife was dreadfully bad with the asthma in the solitude of her desertion. That aside, skilfully advanced, won back the absentee, and the deputation made glad the hearts of the villagers by bringing home their pastor.

It was observed, on the very first Sabbath, that the martial ardor of his invocations was tempered with a spirit more becoming a servant of the Prince of Peace. He prayed still for his countrymen in arms—but he prayed less like a soldier, and more like a Christian—for he did not forget to offer up a petition for the enemies of his country, and to strive for the spirit of him who cried in his agony—"Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!" With the improvements which his short practical observation of war had given him, Parson Winter was a better servant of his master, and a better minister to his charge.

But the best of men, as well as women, love gossip; and we are compelled to the acknowledgment that the minister valued his adventures "in the army" quite as much for the fresh fund of talk which they afforded him, in his familiar visits, as for anything else. The shrewd among his congregation did not fail to notice this; and one of them gave a sly hit, which made the old man's ears tingle a little when it accidentally reached them.

"Why," asked a little girl, as the parson left her father's house, after regaling the family for an hour—(the tenth time) with his army experience—"Why is the minister called Reverend?"

"Because," answered her father, "he has been in the army."

Nevertheless, "When I was in the army," stayed in the mouth of Parson Winter, as the date of an epoch, the point of a comparison, the opening of a change of subject, and the elucidation of whatever matter was in hand, until his dying day—and even then it was the last sentence on his lips. "When I was in the army," followed invariably after the mutual enquiries and answers after health and condition, when the parson entered a house. "When I was in the army," were the first words after grace before meals; and when he had returned thanks, and a removal from the table suggested a change in the conversation, the dominie always started the new topic, with, "When I was in the army." A great event, late in a quiet man's life, is the little Benjamin of his old age. When Parson Winter died (though this is anticipating our story) some one of his friends asked if he could cheerfully meet the last enemy? "When I was in the army," he answered, "I saw hundreds meet the enemy without the shadow of fear, and shall a soldier of the cross shrink?" And he placidly passed away, to receive that reward in the church triumphant, which he had won in the army of the church militant.

The good old landlord of the village inn derived new capital from the return of Jacob Stiles. As innholder, he soon "had the rights" of Jacob's story, our poor one-armed friend having plenty of idle time, and spending much of it at the public house, where men and boys daily repaired to inquire and re-inquire "just where" Philip Bowman, or John Strong, or some other of the twelve or thirteen worthies from Woodland, who fell in the battle, was, when Jacob saw him last. By dint of frequent illustrations in the description, the furniture and floor of the room came to be recognized as a map of Breed's Hill, with models; one chair serving for the floating battery, another for Copp's Hill, and the hearth where Jacob sat, for the redoubt. It could not be said of Jacob that he

"Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won"—

but he plied his walnut cudgel instead, with a great deal of effect. The most dangerous passage in his narrative—dangerous to the listeners—was when Jacob showed how he knocked down that scoundrel, Jem Brenton's "bayonet" just as he was going to kill Horace Lee. When the history reached that point, and Jake "brought his stick ever so" to elucidate it, the company instinctively stood back to escape the concussion. They had need—for the tavern floor bore witness to the blows of Jacob's stick, long after he had ceased to narrate the story.

As we said before, the landlord, by patient listening soon got hold of Jacob's description, and took the wind out of his sails. Poor Jake! He had now only to listen to his own narrative, and when the landlord asked, "wasn't it so, Jake?"—to answer "yes." Again the landlord, by virtue of his position as a member of Parson Winter's church and the head of a family which it was the reverend gentleman's great pleasure to visit, heard the whole of the Parson's narrative, over and over. From this the landlord supplied what was wanting in Jacob's account, together with the last words of one of the young men who got off the field, and died after, in camp. The publicans eclectic version was thus more complete and satisfactory than either of the originals. He had also another advantage. The Bar represented a redoubt much better than the hearth, and though Jacob made several efforts to introduce the pantomime of the musket-representing cudgel, to accompany the landlord's account of the escape of Lee—it was of no use. The ancient Greek Thespians, it is said, divided their elocution, one reciting the verse and another making the gestures, but the experiment failed in Woodland; and Jacob found, as the stump of his arm healed, that he was becoming "of no account" whatever; and what was worse he had nothing to do, and no way of maintaining himself in idleness. A dull prospect was before him; and he had almost become a misanthrope, without ever having heard the word spoken, when the arrival of an unexpected stranger of distinction in Woodland opened him new prospects.

This stranger was no other than our little sable acquaintance, Cuff. He had actually been through the enemies lines into Boston, as the reader remembers. He had seen General Gage, and Sir William Howe, and Pigot, and every body else among the British of whom any body enquired. Trust Cuff for that! If any body had asked him if he saw King George in Boston, he would have said yes—and if its possibility had been disputed, he would have had the one answer—"Well—dere's what dey tol' me—how do you 'spect nigga to know any better?"

But Cuff had something more than mere general talk. He had a verbal message from Caroline and her guardian, putting old Jacob in occupation of the Morgan estate as superintendent, till claimed by the owner: and he had a written endorsement from Horace Lee, of his general good character and trustworthiness, including a hint which Jacob Stiles did not fail to improve, by taking Cuffee to the Morgan House with him, and making the little ebony answer the place of his own lost arm. If even agent and deputy agent were happy and consequential, Jacob Stiles and his black boy Friday were. The mansion was soon made to look like itself again, and the boys were instructed that the fruit trees were not public property. Jacob and Cuffee were in a paradise of enjoyment, for each had his own stock of glorious reminiscence. Not even the landlord could break down this new co-partnership—for Cuff absolutely did what nobody had ever done before—he put the town talker down, completely. Boniface was retailing Cuff's observations one evening, when that sable worthy entered. He stood among the listeners a moment, his lips gradually parting till the whole stock of ivory became visible—and then broke in upon him—"He-ah! He-ah! He-ah! That'll do now! If any body *wants* to hear, jus' leave 'em talk to *dis* child. He *is* been in de enemy's camp, and knows suffin about it!"

Boniface discovered that it was time to close the house.

CHAPTER XV.

A MEETING.

The close of the year 1775 was a period most critical with the Revolutionary army. The time of many of the soldiers had expired, and their discharge reduced the army so low that there were not enough men left to man the lines; nor was there powder enough in the camp to furnish the soldiers with four rounds to a man. Newly enlisted troops, and militia, took the place of the discharged, and the exchange of raw and experienced men for soldiers who had seen some service, was made within musket-shot of the British lines. Recruits who came in, came often without arms, and it was even necessary to compel the soldiers who were leaving to give up their guns, in order that their successors should be supplied. In a journal kept at this period, we find the remark made, "The people seem to be unwilling to engage in the public service, and higher wages are required. The spirit of patriotism appears in some degree to have subsided." Enlistments were made only for short terms, and conditioned "unless sooner discharged," as hopes were entertained that an adjustment of difficulties with the mother country would soon be effected. No one's thoughts had then taken the definite shape of a separation from Great Britain—or at any rate no public declaration to that purpose had been made. Thus the Continental cause still occupied the equivocal character of a rebellion, instituted to compel the mother country to terms, without a denial of the relation of rulers and ruled. The "Declaration" in due time set the cause of America in its proper light, and accomplished more for her manumission than all her armies.

But all the discouraging circumstances with which the year 1775 closed, the lack of warlike munitions the almost absence of artillery, the lukewarmness of men about enlisting, and all the other defects and difficulties of the organization and position of the Patriot army and cause—all these serve but to set the character of the Patriots in a higher point of view, and to ennoble the race of men of that day. Of course the condition of things could not but be suspected by all, and known to many; and yet the traitor was not found to convey the intelligence to the enemy. It is hardly to be supposed that ten thousand British troops would have remained cooped up in Boston, in a state bordering on starvation—without fresh food—eating horse flesh—pulling down houses, and digging up wharves to provide fuel, if the really defenceless state of the investing army had been known. Efforts would most assuredly have been made to break a siege maintained by a force so inefficient. Meanwhile it must be acknowledged that the American officers showed consummate generalship. Fortifications commanding the city were thrown up in different directions, and the fortune of war on the ocean threw into the hands of the Patriots several prizes, which were loaded with precisely the munitions most desired and needed.

The new year opened more propitiously—although the hearts of the Americans were much discouraged by the gloomy news from Quebec, of the fall of Montgomery, and the failure of that enterprise. The movements of the army near Boston were now made with more effect; and the interception of some transport ships by American privateers, enabled the patriots to return, from their works in Rochester and Cambridge, some of the fire that had been received from the British. Regiments of militia now arrived in large force from the country, and preparations began to be perceptible for some operations of magnitude on the part of the Americans.

On the night of the 4th of March, a detachment of American troops commenced the erection of works on Dorchester Heights. In this labor experience, and the efficiency of men inured to camp duty, and the possession of facilities and materials necessary, made the enterprise altogether another and a more formidable demonstration than that of Bunker Hill. Three hundred carts or more were employed to convey tools, fascines, screwed hay, barrels, to be filled with stone and sand, and other necessary articles. The road to the Heights, where it was exposed to the enemy, was protected by bundles of screwed hay, in order to defend the American troops, in passing and repassing; and with such activity were the operations conducted, the batteries in Cambride and Roxbury meanwhile playing upon Boston, that another Breed's Hill astonishment was provided for the British officers. It is said that when Gen. Howe saw the newly erected works, as they loomed up in the mists of the morning, he declared, that the rebels had done more in one night than the whole British army could have done in weeks. In the erection of these works the working parties were regularly relieved, and provided with the necessary rest and refreshment. The British forts and shipping opened at daylight a tremendous cannonade, which was continued, with little intermission, during the next twenty-four hours, but with little effect. The strengthening of the works was prosecuted and forwarded with all the means, and by all the measures possible; and Gen. Washington, who had, from his first appearance in the camp, won and secured the respect and affection of the army, was every where present, animating and encouraging the soldiers.

Such was the commanding position of the American works, that no alternative was left the British commander except to dislodge the Continental forces from Dorchester Heights, or evacuate the city. To an enemy which had boasted that, with five regiments they could march from one end of the American continent to the other, the idea of abandoning the city, which they held with ten thousand men, (including sailors and marines) was a bitter one; and it was not entertained without an effort to avoid it. On the 5th of December the British troops were observed to be in motion, as if preparing to attack the position of the Americans; and the points of view in the vicinity were crowded with people prepared to witness another repetition of the affair of Bunker's Hill. But the day passed without an attack—on the next occurred a violent storm, which suspended all military operations, on the next it began to be rumored that the British forces were about to evacuate the town; and on the 8th a flag of truce came out, from the Selectmen of Boston, with the information that Gen. Howe had determined to withdraw his forces; and that he would leave the town standing if he was suffered to depart unmolested; otherwise he should fire it to cover his retreat. The wisdom and moderation of the American commander induced an acceptance of the compromise; while every thing was held in readiness for any emergency which might occur. On Sunday, March 17th, the British troops embarked, and the fleet, transporting them, got under weigh. Much mischief might have been done to the shipping by the cannon on Dorchester Heights—but the spirit as well as the letter of the mutual understanding was respected; and the fleet departed in as much safety as if it had been that of a friendly power, instead of an enemy.

The main body of the American army was ordered to New York, in anticipation of British designs upon that point. Four or five regiments were detained to occupy Boston, and on Wednesday, the 20th, marched in, and took possession of the quarters which had been provided for them. At the close of the ten months siege we need hardly say that the townsmen cordially welcomed their countryman and deliverers; the commander was received with every testimony of high respect and deep felt gratitude, and the compliment of a public dinner was tendered and accepted. Civilities and hospitalities most grateful and agreeable were extended, indeed, to all, officers and soldiers, but not all the joys of deliverance, or the enthusiasm of welcome, could at once do away the wan look which a ten months siege had gathered over the faces of the unwilling entertainers of the British army. The streets were filthy, and the houses, particularly those which had been in occupation of the British, were abused and dismantled. But we need not to dwell on matters which are familiar to every reader.

The first thought of Horace Lee was for Caroline. He could obtain no tidings of her, or of her uncle; and while he supposed that they might have embarked with the troops, as many of the loyalists did, he felt that it was exceedingly unkind in her to have left him no letter, or advice of her movements. Had his little ebony friend been in Boston, Horace would have put him on the scent, but Cuff was sent to Woodland before the British left Boston, and Horace, it will be remembered, vouched for the correctness of his message—much as that message puzzled him. How Col. Morgan could have been induced to make Jacob Stiles his agent, after his rebellion, was a puzzle that perplexed Horace more than ever, now that he had leisure to think of it. It was a matter totally irreconcileable with all his knowledge of Col. Morgan's character, since, with the old Loyalist, rebellion carried with it every species and variety of moral obliquity. But that the fact was so he knew, and Jacob was installed in the mansion, as truly serving the interests of his master, as if the old veteran were every inch a rebel. True love of country does not impair one's sentiments of right and wrong, whatever the spurious counterfeits of it may do.

As a diversion of his thoughts, Horace visited and sympathised with the citizens in their resumption of customs interrupted by the presence of the foreign army, and in their sorrow over the injuries and wrongs done them in the ten months incarceration and constraint. He forwarded his military knowledge by an examination of the defences which the enemy had erected, and mused on the necessary indifference and heartlessness to individual right and comfort, which war compels. His own affliction, in the uncertainty under which he labored with reference to his bethrothed, in spite of all efforts at diversion, pressed upon his thoughts, until he half regretted that the enemy had been expelled. Before their departure his occasional clandestine correspondence was no small relief. Now he knew not whither she had gone, and was half inclined in his despondency to fear that she had forgotten him, or, at least, cooled in her attachment. He tried to be very angry—but what absent lover ever succeeded in that?

Among the other customs which the siege and occupation of Boston had suspended, was the Thursday Lecture. This, which was preached till 1808 in the "Old Brick," and then in the Chauncey Place Church, was a Boston Notion, begun in the First Church in 1634, and continued without intermission till 1775, when war interrupted this among

other good usages." In 1870, all the clergymen in Boston, save only three, were married by men, and of or that, as the number of ministers increased, the same practice continued until the suspension, there, more than a century ago, of the custom upon the Sabbath day. Then, on the Sunday after the demise of the President, Dr. Andrew Eliot ascended the pulpit of the Brattle Street Church, and, beside Isaiah XXVIII. 1-3, delivered a discourse on the Chief, and many of the leading characteristics of that historic man. Of course, the sermon was printed, and it is now a rare pamphlet. Its text was the same as that chosen by Dr. Bellows for his discourse upon the death of General Lee.

We are compelled to acknowledge that his attention to the services was at times somewhat inattentive, and that his scrutiny which he sustained among the female portion of the congregation, so far as decency and his position would permit. At last the particular portion he's certain figure arrested his attention. He could not see the features but his memory gave the figure—but in the natural language of her movements, he thought he could see its expression—the service, which, with all the children of the parish, he seemed to him interminably long, he lost no time in taking steps to resolve his doubts. Was not faded, rain and snow-worn she was—but no disguise could hide the Christian pilgrim.

CHAPTER XVI.

BRING 'EM LAST.

Over a year intervenes between the close of the preceding chapter and the one we are about to describe in this. But, before we proceed, some slight review and explanation may be necessary.

When the destruction of property in Dixie, in the family of Horace Lee, and elsewhere in the section of his children, cast in pleasant places.

United States SATURDAY POST

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OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Autumn has come! The last week closed with a day worthy of the summer solstice; but the bath opened dark and rainy; and since then the "chill norwest" has been whistling among our chimnies and knocking impatiently at the casement. The change has been invigorating. A due regard to health, however, is not out of place, and a little additional clothing might avert many a cold, and save a doctor's bill. As we write, dark, mutter clouds are flying across the firmament, and every now and then comes a flash of rain, in big, heavy drops, against the window.

"When Vera is the army," said the parson, as he shut his teeth-pick, and replaced it in his pocket—

Cuff's lips retracted and displayed a double row of ivory, while his brows knotted together, and his hands trembled with smothered mirth. The rest seems was in danger, but he saved it—he saved also his "Feich! yeah! yeah!" till he was clear out of hearing. The parson hardly noticed the interruption, but proceed while Caroline bit her lip—but her amusement gave way to surprise as the Rev. gentleman proceeded:

"When I was in the army, I learned the uncertainty of human affairs more impressively than ever, and the chances of war teach us caution. I am frosted and bit-ten with the frosts of time, and the patriots most ultimately be successful, and in that event, what becomes of the property of the loyalists? What value are their bonds? Will not acquisition be a course consonant with all magic?"

Caroline and Horace looked thoughtful and said nothing.

On the other hand the errors may suppress the most eminent extricate at it seems."

Horace shook his head.

We've heard similar views to look at both sides of a question, and examine both horns of a dilemma. In the first case which I have supposed, there is one way only to escape Hon. Mudge. In the second there is but one, and in both they are one and the same."

"Well?" inquired Horace.

"That one way—I learned directions in the army—is marriage."

Horace looked delighted—Caroline perplexed, though we venture to say not displeased. Parson Winter, who has been vastly in Horace's opinion of his sagacity, proceeded:

"If the Americans are successful, the property of a verdict either in their favor or against, or, cause to be disturbed. If the British prevail, the same friends of our late countenance, Col. Morgan, will not, for the reasons of his not having been in the army, lose his dear friend and comforter, in his last affliction, to suffer ill, either in his property or her consolation."

"Very well put," said Horace smiling—but his many arguments advanced in favor of a course which—their be misunderstood" which Lowland we are already agreed upon."

"But without any would motives," said Caroline, without looking up.

"Time—time, Sir," continued the parson, while Horace smiled at the latter's impatience, "when I was in the army I learned the value of a step in point of time—but remember that what we design to be or four days ago—not once"

I had not thought of such haste," said Caroline, with out-and-up manner, "and I am afraid—indeed, but even he was unaware of the near wards of the divine

"And this very evening!" then interrupt me. Horace knows for the Camp-tomorrow. He only who rules our destinies knows what may befall him then—or he may not return for a week—or"

Caroline's tears fell thick and fast.

"I shall not be content," continued the parson, "until the good married old man, and deprive him of the custom of standing at practised in public by a holiday-sharp in Broadway, New York, put upon him a sample, and he passed out a fervent supplication, which is incredible took to the range of our argument, that not to objection was made or acted when, upon state rising, he called Jacob Stiles and the housekeeper, and before these witnesses proceeded in the form of solemnization of matrimony and pronounced them man and wife. Cuff who stood in the door-way, a spectator also, could not help saying, so loud that all heard him, that—"De minister have not been in the army for nothin—no, nuss. Horace neither!"

Music, and then dinner, were next called under the auspices of Jacob Stiles. The table party was increased by the addition of Cuff, who, after waiting with "Feich! yeah!" and "Yes, Sir!" and "No, Sir!" and "Thank you, Sir

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Mr. JAMES B. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and Western States, and will receive subscriptions for this paper.
Mr. [illegible] is our Agent for Alabama and Louisiana.
THOMAS BEVERLY is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.
JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

Notices of New Works.

LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, *for October.* This popular periodical commences in the present number in the old dress—a very fine one, and the fashion plate given for the first time in full style. It is certainly a periodical unsurpassed, and few equal, this one, in the beauty, variety and excellence of its embellishments. Among the contents will be found a first-rate story by Miss Mr. Stephens; and a thrilling tale of the Greek war, of which the scene is in Missolonghi. There are also two chapters of a tale of every day life, by E. F., one of the most accomplished authors of the day, and who writes of fashionable life like one who had been accustomed to it from childhood. This lady has managed to preserve her taste and delicacy of sentiment, though she has been long a server in the wealthy circles of New York: there is no affectation in the tone of feeling she would only belong to one thoroughly at home in those scenes. It is needless to say that the plates are equal to the very best reviews of the sex. He makes his periodical emphatically a work for the ladies, as Peterson is a word. We find two copious items in every paper to hand, which will excuse us further comment.

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE, *for October.* Stephens, by our opinion, is the best female writer now living, and will be considered so. Mr. Peterson is entitled to much of the credit of the country, a classic and useful work. The number before us is very interesting. It has an engraving of Lafayette, and in this department, especial value is given to the work. The plate is entitled "Scene at a House Illuminated," which commemorates the late Lafayette reception, one of which might often, to a house of taste, be useful. The plate is accompanied by a Wing.

The Periodical follows close in the wake of the three other monthlies, and they must keep a sharp look-out or they will be outstripped. [*Early Bird.*

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF THE SAVIOUR. This is a most attractive volume, just issued by Messrs. *London Literary Gazette.* Illustrations, right in treatment, and in engraved on steel, by Sartain, in the best style of the art. The present novel, though not one of her best, is yet equal to the best of the numerous productions which have the merit prepared in various bindings, as the copy before us presents one of the most elegant we have seen of late. We have not room to notice the work, prepared in such a manner, cannot fail to find many purchasers.

THE PILOT. *A Novel. By Miss Pickering.* 1 vol *Philadelphia: Parsons & Co.* The features of this lady's novels are well known to the reading public, and to all the art. The present novel, though not one of her best, is yet equal to the best of the numerous productions which have the merit prepared in various bindings, as the copy before us presents one of the most elegant we have seen of late. We have not room to notice the work, prepared in such a manner, cannot fail to find many purchasers.

Miscellaneous News.

☞ Professor Buckland says that the most valuable possess have no effect upon a badger hog—but that it possesses a particular value in dressing the land, because to destroy a great number of noxious reptiles. The badger is a native of the north of Europe, which he had kept in a large box, and which very soon became mild and familiar. He lived on the roots of plants, which he dug out of the earth with avidity, seeing them indirectly by the head, the body, or the legs, and did not appear inclined to molest the surface of the ground, except to scratch around its body. A German physician, who made the badger-hog a peculiar object of his study, says it is strongly attached to its own species, and of corrosive substances, none of which it will bear. The badger-hog in its natural state feeds on grubs, reptiles, and other flesh; but will not get nothing if these latter. Its ordinary food consists of roots, twigs, seeds, acorns, and occasionally even rats and mice.

☞ Efforts have been made for several years to cause to spin flax by machinery. It has there been found that flax is composed of fibres of about three inches long, so lapped on each as to appear one fibre, and by chemical process they could be stripped into their original fibres, with their original fineness and strength, and that possess all the advantage of cotton staple for spinning by machinery. Near the conclusion of the last war, a gentleman came into the country to bring about the spinning of flax by machinery, but there were difficulties attending it, and the project was soon followed destroyed all the flax makers.

☞ Specimens of what has been called "Vallambrosa" have been found in the excavations on the line of railways, by a layer of the material being embodied, instead of the patent feet, between the surface of the ground and the subsoil. It has not been lately exhibited, which have attracted much attention. The preparation is a mixture of cocoa-nut fibre, and India-rubber. Its elasticity is said to be surprising character, and it is also said to be proof against the intense pressure to a long period of the heaviest road on the Great Western Railway with success.

☞ At a late meeting of American Geologists, New Haven, Conn., Prof. Shepard exhibited a specimen that both diamonds and platina will be found in abundance in the gold region of North Carolina, and also in South Carolina and Georgia. This opinion he predicates upon the fact that electric currents have been observed over many of the counties of that State, Burk and Rutherford, and the other States named, and where this is found there is a strong indication of the presence of the minerals or platina.

☞ An eastern paper tells of a gentleman who went to air gun or his invention, in the form of a cane. The barrel is of the most exquisite and delicate workmanship. He charges it by a very little powder, and has only to unscrew the head and replace a recharge of air, *twenty times.* He says it repeatedly in the presence of a gentleman, who has used it, and found that one charge will go through a door, upon it, at the distance of three or four rods, and generally within an inch of the wider.

☞ A New Life Boat has just been invented in England, the object of which is to prevent it from filling. These inventions are first compounded, then one with another, which will sometimes do well enough, but in three different courses. It is the invention of Lieut. Walker, of the Royal Marines. It is said to be of very light, yet very strong material, nothing, i. e. be tough and elastic. A hole made by a shot or a sharp piece of rock, has no tendency to split in the direction.

☞ The General Government controls the appointment of 14,000 Postmasters, 19,000 Deputies, 1,000 Mail Contractors and Agents, 2,000 Revenue Officers—Inspectors—making in all 35,000 public dependants. Every State contains 3,000 appointments, and all of these 84,000. The General Government, together, control $7,000 men. This is exclusive of Army, Navy, and the troop of the Executive officers of the National and State Governments.

☞ M. Chevallon, of Paris, after scientific inquiries on the taken at New Zealand, states that the natives of that country are the tallest race in the creation, and that the action of the moon appears to increase in proportion as the distance at the earth goes diminishes.

☞ For one entire year there has been beautiful weather in Ireland, and scarcely any winter. The year 1844, and so much of the present summer as has passed, have been delightful. The meadows are in the finest possible state, and the harvests highly productive.

☞ Intemperance seems to be the peculiar curse of literary men. Pope was a hard drinker. Goldsmith followed the same fatal habit. Steele got fuddled whenever he went to the club. Parnell was conspicuous for his debauchery. Dryden toiled and drank. The poetic Cowley got drunk, and took a brew, and died. The immortal Shakspeare thus destroyed himself. Sheridan was a sot. Byron lived on gin, and Campbell was intemperate for several years before his death.

☞ A new furnace has been started in Hamlet county, Illinois, just about the commencement of the producing from lead ore, dug in that neighborhood, from 65 to 83 per cent. of lead; in some instances a yield has been made of 94 per cent. It is said that this section of country is "one mass of mineral." Silver has been obtained from the lead, at the rate of thirty dollars to the ton; its extraction, it is said, will pay all expenses of the lead.

☞ A man lived in a house between two blacksmiths, and was disturbed by the noise they made. At last they promised to remove, on condition that he should give them an excellent dinner, which he willingly agreed to do. When the promised feast was ended, he asked them whether they intended to transfer their domicile. "Why," answered one of them, "any companion will remove to my shop, and I is all."

☞ The gold veins of Guadeloupe, in Mexico, is the richest in the world. Humboldt says that, compared to bigone Victoria, who refuses to work it to any degree of productiveness, because he could not dispose of the produce. Humboldt says that it is worth equal to several millions of dollars. He has now for more than he wants, and says that his money is better used at present.

☞ To get rid of *Mosquitoes* is what all are anxious to be at present. An infallible preventive has been suggested that the mosquito dies in the oil of penny-royal; one drop applied to the clothing, or the hair, will keep them at bay the whole night; and a sprinkling of the bed is also efficacious. We have tried the latter ourselves.

☞ An Important Geological Discovery has been made at Mt. Holly, in New Jersey. Stratified, of lead iron ore, several yards thick, and co-existence with the solid rock along the base of the Green Mountains. It was suggested that there was coal in that State any regular lead mine of any account, but it was not the church.

☞ The Mining Journal denies that the iron manufacturers of England cannot meet the growing demand, both for the home and foreign market, and supports its position with figures.

☞ Some pillars and other remains of a Roman building, and two beautiful coins of the Emperors Valerian and Gallienus, have been discovered in High street, Standford, England.

☞ The civic procession at Rome, to receive Queen Victoria, was headed by the Pope and his state, arrayed in his robes of office, and smoking his pipe.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.

NUMBER TWENTY-THREE.

THE KONIGSTEIN—KUHSTALL—PRESIDENTSTEIN—THE ELBE—TETSITZ AND KUHN—JOURNEY TO PRAGUE.

Prague, May 17th, 1845.

We crossed the Elbe for the fourth time at the foot of the hotel, and walked on along its right bank towards Konigstein. The injury done by the inundation was everywhere apparent. The receding flood had left the surface of the earth in a state of chaos; several feet deep on the rich meadows, so that the labor of several years will be requisite to restore it, and bringing back to an arable state. Even the farm-houses, some distance from the river, on the hill-side, had been reached, and the long yellow lines in the hollow showed how far the waters had risen. The people were at work every where trying to repair their injuries, but it will fall heavily upon the laboring classes.

The mountain of Konigstein is about twelve hundred feet in height, and rises entirely from the summit which is flat and about a mile and a half in circumference. It is one of the strongest of fortress, whose natural advantages make it entirely impregnable. During the Thirty Years' War, and the late war with Napoleon, it was the only place in Saxony unoccupied by the enemy. Hence it was the depository of the archives and royal treasures, in times of danger. By giving up the passports at the door, we received permission to enter the fortress, which is built entirely on the summit, with the gardens, fields, and wood of considerable extent. The walls are hewn out of the solid rock, which is strongly guarded. A well 700 feet deep supplies the fortress with water, and there are provisions enough in the magazines to stand a siege of years. The view from the parapets is charming: It takes in the whole of the Saxon Highlands, as far as the lofty Schneeberg, in Bohemia, and the other side the eye follows the windings of the Elbe, as far as the eye can see. Directly beneath, a mountain of exactly similar formation, but somewhat higher, stands directly opposite. On going around the plain, and a little above the river, and standing on the brink of the precipice, with a little ledge, about two feet wide, running around it, just below the parapet, we had our first view of the Augustus the Strong, a baron attached to his court, rose in his sleep, after a night of revelry, and starting up in a fright, he found himself at full length along the ledge. A guard fortunately observed his situation, and Augustus being informed of the fact, had him carried to

Selected Poetry.

NATURE.

BY ORLANDO FULLER.

We copy the following very creditable production by a young writer, from the Columbian Magazine, for which, however, we think, in accordance with the usage of the press, we should be entitled to some reason, which reminds us of Bryant, and indicates a true poet:

How deep lowlies it all below!
The earth, the sea, the silent air;
Where'er we lie, whereso we fare,
That mysterious spirit still is there.
The flower that hides its head in the dell,
The purely, restful deep of dew,
The veriest weed in its humble cell,
Are full with praise in every hue;
And the mighty mountain, the rolling sea,
And heaven in beauty so bright so deep,
Are full of the spirit of Deity.

The changing seasons as they roll,
The purple morn, the day's mid-tide,
The golden evening, the starry soul,
And night, of mother Earth the bride,
The rushing wind and roaring storm,
There's beauty in each in every tone;
The solar ray, the moon's pale lustre,
Proclaim the wisdom of His awe,
Oh, deep the power, sublime the skill,
That wrought existence in like will!

Nature, with silent eloquence,
Unfolds in many a varied page,
The deeply thought, it speaketh sense,
The Omnipotence fills all space,
The Omniscience is in each,
Its wisdom reigns where we trace,
Its goodness is pure, its name is love,
And man alone, and man alone,
Can, but Nature is the same.

TO THE MOON.

BY ORLANDO FULLER.

Hail to thy placid face,
Serenely looking down on all below,
Walking in brightness through the boundless space,
Queen of the silver bow!

Thou ever, yet the same,
Though changing ofttimes, still beauty for useful light
Fill'st all with love to lowers, it came
To bless the silent night.

When all is hushed and still,
Calmly and peaceful through the distant blue,
With tranquil mien thy glowing form that fill,
Dost then thy course pursue.

Seasons on seasons fleet,
Or rushing on the wild December sky,
Thy tranquil light the same soft radiance yields,
To the spirited eye.

High on thy midnight throne,
Thou seem'st in glory in thy orbit. Sleep
May be upon the world, but thou still roam
The starry, upper deep.

Thou'rt there the far evening star,
In its mild power gleameth near thy side,
Like sister spirits hastening to thy home,
Emblem of hoped rest!

Thou art, while thy fair round ran,
To illume thy rolling orb shall lend its light,
And fame and empires! And all else must die,
Mark ruler of the night.

From the Magazines.

FROM THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE, FOR OCTOBER.

MARRIED LIFE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

When the dashing Frank Harrington gave up his freedom into the fair hands of Mary Thornton, the world cried out in amazement. What an unsuitable match! Never were two persons whose habits were dangerous and tastes more unlike to one another—never, never! And when at the same time the fascinating Mary Thornton led to the altar the fastest and dashiest Dobady, the world clapped hands exultingly: "What a fortunate union of hearts and hands, what compensatory of disposition, what unity of taste. Never was a more desirable match made!"

Now—to be sound for once the world was right, for Harrington was a most excellent husband, and Mary Thornton a most perfect wife. Better of Mrs. Harrington one day makes, than all Harrington's under the sun, from Portland, near Orleans at the feet of Jack Niagara, could demonstrate during four or five years of Fifth or Chestnut street. In short, he was the happiness of a woman's heart, and she was the happiness of his—requires a being as Mary Thornton gave this credit for, or believing the fact that the world the affection of so amiable and lovely a wife as Mary had but pretensions to beauty, and not to say touched in those large, soft, hazel eyes and in the general expression of goodness which rested upon her countenance—whether she had also a fortune wherewith to pamper his capricious whims and free him to his self. By what magic could she get pert to reason one hour of her whole married life—by all appearance it was carrying the most unwise thing Mary ever did when she consented to become Mrs. Harrington.

Not so with the other pair of lovers about to weary the pointless path of matrimony which joyous anticipations irradiates with such soul-attracting visions of delight, exercising un—natural gilding over the dark portals of the future, that it is only for those for whom those bright visions endure unto the end—Eternity and Independence hold love at sweet bondage. It is under their united influence that these blissful imaginings many become realities. Cherish, then, these *household* gods both in life's joys and in its vicissitudes, for if ever neglected love too soon escapes their trembling, reluctant hands; all vanish—love, kindness and home influence; and in their place exile and remorse rise gloomily! Beaumont and Arabell seemed fitted by nature to tread love's round together loving and be loved. She was highly educated, of mild temper, benevolent in her feelings, and delighting in home. In bestowing his hand upon the young and charming Arabell, whose life had been passed in seclusion from the gay world, who knew not its pleasures and its vices, simple, pure and innocent, what a future of rapture opened before him! To doubt of happiness was a sin in the first instance!

It was a bright morning in early Spring, a twelve-month after these double nuptials. Beaumont sat at his desk intently over a large folio, when a sweet zephyr stole through the casement and whispered in his ear a bright theme of love. The young lawyer's mind has laughed head. What a charming days—have hinged the whole future destiny of his existence with what beautiful hues the fresh-budding foliage dotted the branches of the old apple tree! Again the breeze kissed his temples and scattered upon the page before him a few blossoms from the tree in early flowering almond. Now away with these dull tomes and musty parchments! Welcome you, Arabell! This day, at least, we will leave the dusty pavements—see that shall press the tender grass—we will feast the orbs on the sun's rays and the violet from the meadow—we will listen to the joyous lessons of birds, and our own shall echo them—yes this day, Arabell, shall be sacred to love and fled! And that so careless eye might intrude upon his happiness, or mocking-bird listen to his words, Beaumont secured a neat little wagon, which his own hand might guide, and then, his heart overflowing with delightful anticipations, he rested in his beautiful abode before his own door. It will be seen that Mr. Beaumont was still a lover!

Springing lightly up the steps —

"Where is Mr. Beaumont?" he demanded of the servant.

"He is out, sir," was the reply.

"Out—out!" he repeated, out—of appears to me!" ejaculated Beaumont in a peevish tone, unconscious that he uttered his thoughts aloud.

"Yes, sir, she is out, I assure you," said the obsequious waiter.

"What to the notes, rascal!" exclaimed the now irritated Beaumont, raising his whip. "Attend to the horses, nor dare open your lips!"

Poor Beaumont! For the first time in his life anger had mastered his reason. Those few words were the harshest he had ever spoken! Let us endeavor to strengthen him.

When Arabell married, she was a novice in city life and unfortunately for her, proved a novice of enchantment from which neither the delights of her new-found home, nor the devotion of one to whom husband could withdraw her. True the loved Beaumont, and the first few months had brought them all in harmony with his, but as she became more at home in the gay world, she grew less attentive—less affectionate. Among her numerous admirers several fashionables gave, by tiresome, and thoughtless as herself, to these crying sins—the most irresistible fascination for Arabell. The beau which Beaumont fixed for her establishment grew fashionable and the accustomed ephemera with which her mind began to fill, the songs with which she was often delighted the ear of her, she found unbalancing side and she found them to meet, and parties and promenades she thought were mainly preferable to a better set—dull at home with Beaumont, but fine abroad. She would gladly have drawn Beaumont within the vortex of which she was the centre, but craving for her society, and her's alone, strove to make home a paradise. Even this indeed was denied, he could not but acknowledge to himself that she was much fond of Miss Grandison's parties and balls or his pains, and he often sighed as he found that domestic life had not the charms for her he had fondly anticipated—but then—she is so young, so accomplished, little complexion can be her no harm! would Beaumont reason.

More torturous soon. Ashamed of such an ebullition of passion, Beaumont entered the house to atone the servant. Beaumont entered the house to atone the servant. Beaumont entered the house to atone the servant.